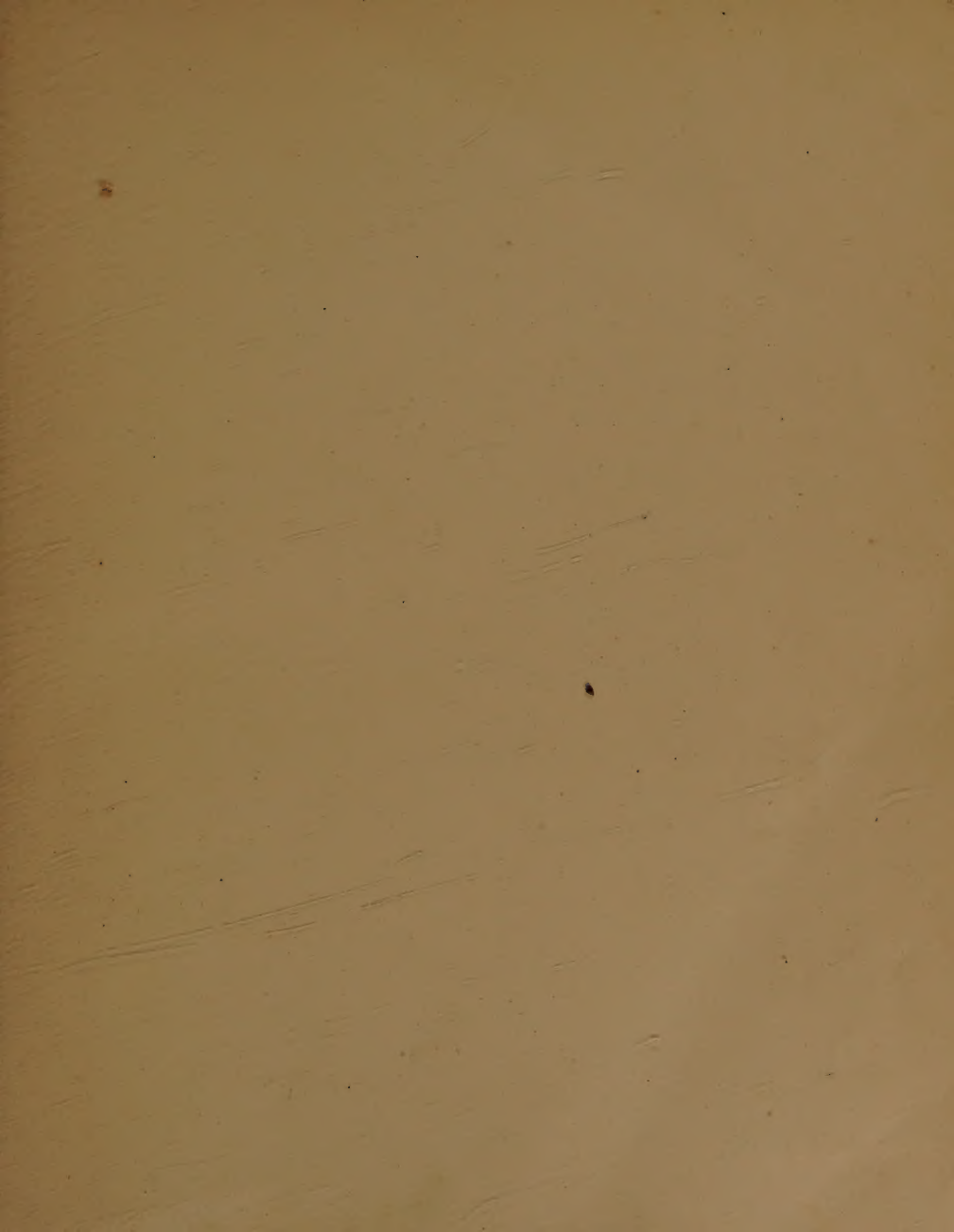




Willard Weber
Christmas 1891.





BY HARRIETTE R. SHATTUCK

THE WOMAN'S MANUAL OF PARLIA-
MENTARY LAW

With Practical Illustrations especially adapted to
Women's Organizations 75 cents

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

A Drama, from Dickens 25 cents

LITTLE FOLKS EAST AND WEST

Stories for Children. Illustrated 75 cents

MISS MIFFINS'S WINDOW

A Christmas Story. Illustrated. (*In press.*)

LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS BOSTON





LITTLE FOLKS EAST AND WEST

COMPRISING

"PRAIRIE STORIES"

"MOTHER GOOSE STORIES"

"FAIRY STORIES" AND

"TRUE STORIES"

BY

HARRIETTE R. SHATTUCK

BOSTON 1892

LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS

10 MILK STREET NEXT "OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE"

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY LEE AND SHEPARD

All rights reserved

LITTLE FOLKS EAST AND WEST

TYPOGRAPHY AND ELECTROTYPING BY
C. J. PETERS & SON, BOSTON.

S. J. PARKHILL & CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON.

DEDICATION.

TO

My Sister Elizabeth,

IN MEMORY OF THE DAYS WHEN WE WERE LITTLE
FOLKS TOGETHER.

CONTENTS

PRAIRIE STORIES

	PAGE
DA, BUNCH AND ONY	3
BUNCH'S MOVING DAY	12
BUNCH'S FLOWER GARDEN	18
HOW LOUIS FOUND A HOME	23

MOTHER GOOSE STORIES

HICKERTY PICKERTY'S PARTY	35
MORE ABOUT LITTLE MISS MUFFET	42
THREE LITTLE WISE MEN	49

FAIRY STORIES

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LITTLE FAY	57
LITTLE LOUBEEZE IN DREAMLAND	62
HOW THE MOON GOT HER HALO	68

TRUE STORIES

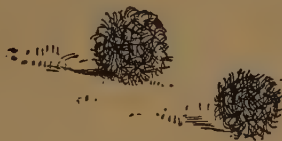
A LITTLE MAID OF LONG AGO	77
A LITTLE MAID OF TO-DAY	82
WHAT MARJORIE SEES IN THE MORNING	87

Prairie

Stories



— 114 —





DA, BUNCH AND ONY.



A WAS a boy twelve years old, Bunch, a little girl of six, and Ony, a tiny black pig. The rest of the "little folks" will come in by and by. Da, Bunch, and Ony lived at Plum Creek—"way off out West," but why it was named "Plum Creek," I'm sure I don't know, for there were no plums there and no creek either. Da and Bunch's real names were David and Blanche, but they had been called these easier names by little Bunch herself, before she could talk plainly, and now everybody called them so. "Bunch" was just the right name too, for she was a real little bunch of a girl, as plump and round and rosy as a ripe cherry. They lived with their father and mother in a little sod house in one of the hollows of the rolling prairie, five miles

from any neighbor. Ony lived with his brothers and sisters, ten in all, almost anywhere. He ran about wherever he liked all day, and rested beside the old mother pig when night came. *His* real name was Ebony, because he was black all over, while his brothers and sisters were black and white spotted. Ony was always clean, and so smart and cunning that sometimes they let him run about in the kitchen, and then he would eat corn from Bunch's hand and drink the buttermilk left from the churning. Bunchie had no other pet, for she was a poor little girl; so she made a pet of Ony, who followed her about everywhere she went—just like "Mary's little lamb," and showed a great deal of love for her, even if he was only a little black pig!

The children's home was a very pleasant one, though it was only a house built all of sods which they dug from the ground and piled one on another. There were two small windows, one low door, and a hole in the roof for the stove pipe. There were three rooms opening one into another, all of the same size, nicely plastered and with wooden floors.

There was a stove too, in which hay was burned in summer and wood in winter, two beds, a bureau (in the upper drawer of which was the Plum Creek post-office), six chairs, a small table, and two shelves full of dishes and the pans for milk. The house was quite low, so it was easy to throw the farming tools upon the roof and get them out of the way. Sometimes

the sod roof looked very queer, all stuck over with hoe-handles and rake-handles and other kinds of handles. A little way from the house was the sod cellar, a small room made by digging a hole in one of the little hillocks of the prairie and shaping it with sods. Here the milk was set for cream, the pork was salted down and all the food was kept, except the yellow squashes, green melons and ripe corn, which were stored in nice, clean wooden sheds.

Then there was the shed thatched with hay, where the three strong farm horses were kept, the sod stable for the cows, the little pond for the ducks, and the sty for the pigs, though only the old mother pig staid in the sty, her large family liking better to trot about all over the farm and visit the other animals. Of course, there were hens, too, but they lived anywhere.

Three times a week came the mail, brought by a tall man on horseback, who wore a soft, wide-brimmed hat, and always smiled pleasantly at little Bunch, as she stood in the doorway watching him. He would stay all night and go away the next morning to Valloosa, the county seat, carrying with him the letters and papers which the Plum Creek folks wanted to send to their friends. Sometimes he would have as many as seven or eight letters, and he always brought a good many papers, for out West the men and women want to know all that is going on.

Although they saw so few persons, Da and Bunch were not lonely. Da had plenty of work to do. He

milked the cows, harnessed the horses and took care of them, and helped his father about the farm. Bunch and her mamma staid at home and "did the work," the little girl not doing a great deal except to wipe the dishes, set the table and feed the chickens and ducks, because she was too little to do anything else. When her work was done she would run out on the prairie, and, with Ony at her heels, would chase the round "tumble weeds" and run in the wild wind until her cheeks were as red as roses and her gown was covered with the prickly sand-burrs that grow in the tall prairie grass.

The farmer was very set in his ways. He had just such a time for everything, and then and only then must it be done. The mother was too busy all the time to think when she would like to do this or that. There was always a next thing that could not wait. She had to work very hard, and often Bunch would see tears in her eyes and wonder about it. Once the mother had lived in Valloosa, and *her* mother lived there now, and she had not seen her for so long! That was why there were tears in the mother's eyes sometimes.

The bright summer had gone, and the fall had come. The prairie roses and sunflowers were dead, and the tall grass was yellow and dry. In the night the sky was lit up in many directions by distant prairie fires, and the mother had warned her husband several times that it was time to make his fire-guards; that is, to

plough a wide path all around his house and sheds so that if the fire came, it would be stopped by the ploughed ground, as there would then be nothing more to burn. But the farmer had set apart the thirtieth day of the month for this job, and he would not do it sooner. What he wanted to do, he always did, no matter if it did not seem best to other people. We shall see whether he was sorry that he did not plough sooner. The twenty-ninth had been set apart for going to Valloosa to sell corn and to buy some things they needed at home, and the mother was going to spend a few hours with *her* dear mother, and carry her some new butter and a fine squash for Thanksgiving. Da was old enough to leave now. He could take care of Bunch for a day, even though she was such a fly-a-way!

So two of the strong horses were harnessed into the big wagon, the wagon was filled with corn, and away they drove, leaving the children to take care of each other and the animals. All went on beautifully. Da did his chores, while Bunch ran about with Ony and kept out of mischief quite well for a fly-a-way. Soon came dinner-time, and the children sat down to eat a nice cold dinner, fixed beforehand by their mamma. They sat a long time eating and playing, for they had invited Ony to dinner, too, just for fun, and were much delighted at the way he acted. They put him into a chair and tied a bib under his chin and then Da fed him with mush and milk out of a spoon, while

Bunch tried to hold his "hands," as she called them, to prevent him from rushing right into the big yellow bowl of milk and gobbling it all up at once.

Suddenly, Bunch looked up and cried, "Oh, Da! see! see!" and Da turning quickly and looking out of the window, saw something that made his cheeks and lips turn white. It was a prairie-fire, not ten miles away. Da ran to the door and looked eagerly to see if the fire was coming toward them. Bunch followed him, and Ony, left to himself, plunged, bib and all, into the milkbowl! What cared he for prairie-fires! Yes, the fire *was* coming that way; the wind was rising, as it always does when a fire comes, and in a few minutes the great prairie all around them would be in a blaze, for it takes a very, very short time for a prairie-fire to travel a great distance; even a horse cannot run so fast!

"O, why didn't papa plough sooner?" said poor Da. But there was no time for regrets, or for talking. Something must be *done*, and at once.

"Here, Bunchie, you sit right down there, and don't you stir till I tell you," said the brave boy, in such a tone that the frightened little girl did not dare to disobey. She sat down on the doorstep, and Ony coming along just then (with his black face and feet spotted with milk, so that now he looked like the rest of his mother's family, and with the bib dangling between his feet and tripping him every step), Bunch threw her arms around him and hugged him tight

till he squealed and struggled, so that she had to let him go, when he sat down beside her and began to lick the milk from his feet.

In the meantime, Da had run as fast as he could go to the horse-shed. He knew that the only thing he could do was to get with Bunch on the horse, and when the fire came near the house to ride straight through the flames on to the burned ground beyond. If his father and mother had been at home, they might have fought the fire back with wet brooms and bags. But he could not do it alone. All he could do was to save darling Bunch. He found the horse all right, and hurried with him back to the house. Then he tied Bunch on the horse's back with a blanket, threw an end of the blanket over her head and told her to keep still. Then he sprang up behind her, clasped his arms around her, and catching tight hold of the reins, drove straight into the hot, roaring flames. Brave boy as he was, he shrank from the scorching heat as it singed his hair, burned his hands, and almost blinded and choked him. But on went the horse, leaping up high to get above the flames, and bounding over the prairie with terrific speed, brave Da and little Bunch clinging breathlessly together upon his back.

The farmer and his wife left Valloosa in good season, and drove homeward. As they came near home they saw the smoke, and the farmer began to wish he had put out his guards before. "O, why did I wait?

I'll never wait again" he said, "if I can only get there, I'll always plough in season after this!" When they came still nearer, they saw that it would be only with the greatest haste that they could reach home and fight the fire back from their house. The sheds and barns must go. "But where are the children? O, why did I leave them!" said the mother in agony, as they hastened toward their home. They urged the horses on, and got there just in time to beat back the fire from the house at great peril of their lives, every minute thinking of the children, but not having time to look for them.

Soon the fire swept by, leaving ruin where before there had been plenty, and then the anxious father and mother saw, slowly coming toward them over the black burned ground, the grey horse, with almost every hair burned off, carrying on his back what looked like a very big bundle, but really was little Bunch all safe and sound, and Da, very much burned, and with a throat so dry that he could not speak for many hours. But they were safe, and that was enough. And what is this coming along behind them, this little burnt fellow on four lame legs? It is Ony! Ebony no longer though, but a rusty brown, with one ear nearly gone and no tail left to speak of, — lame, half-blind Ony!

Ony had followed Bunch, of course, as he always did, and had even run after her through the dreadful fire, and here he was home again. But what was this

around his neck? A string and a rag! The last of the calico bib that Bunch had tied around his neck before the fire came! Poor little faithful Ony! He was not quite the same lively little fellow for a long time, for he had to limp about, instead of trotting along, and often would run into things, too, for one of his eyes was hurt. Bunchie kept the piece of a bib to remember the fire by and hung it on the "Home Sweet Home" over the door. After a while Ony grew strong and well and big and he always ran after Bunch whenever he saw her, just like a dog, even when he was grown up. But he never had to run through any more fires, for after that, just as soon as Autumn came and the grass grew dry, and the wind began to blow the big round "tumble weeds" over and over across the prairie, Da and his father took the plough and the horses and ploughed all round the house and the barns and the sheds, so that no fire could ever come near them again.



BUNCH'S MOVING-DAY.



V'YBODY moves the first of May,
and so we must."

So said little Bunch to Miss Penelope Cora, as she sat talking with her and Dolly Dikes in their own little play-house, which was made of a big, strong dry-goods box that a man had left there one day and brother David had fixed for his sister. Da had made two holes in it for windows, and all one side was the door. Outside there was a real door-bell, and inside a real room. On one side of the room was a shelf, and in one of the corners a little, make-believe stove, made out of a tin dipper turned upside down. On the shelf were a round stone, the nose of a tin teapot, half of a blue sauce-dish, the handle of an iron spoon, the cover of a pepper-box, four wooden button-moulds and the neck of a green glass bottle. In the middle of the room was the table—a match-box, covered with a piece of pink calico. Three chairs, made of green pasteboard and with very weak legs, stood stiffly against the wall.

This was little Bunch's play-house. At present, the cups and saucers and plates and bowls and tureens and spoons and all the other dishes (for those were the *real* names of the things on the shelf) were all nicely washed and set in a row. The three weak-legged chairs had just had their legs straightened, "for the fifty-leventh time," as Bunch said. Dolly Dikes was sitting on the stove, the fire being out for the day, and Miss Penelope Cora, in a scalloped white gown, was gracefully leaning against the table, her real hair tied with a pink ribbon, which you wouldn't have known was a piece of the table-cloth if I hadn't told you. Miss Penelope's housework was all done, and she and Dolly Dikes were "receiving" as they used to do when they lived in New York, before Bunch's papa came out West to live and "try to begin life over again."

New York was very different from Plum Creek; and so was Boston; and Vermont too, where Grandma lived; for in those places Bunch used to have a great many little playmates — there were Ethel and Marjorie and Beeze (whose real name was Louise) and Emma and Emma's little brother and Lena and baby Francy and Madie and Altie and a good many more, while here, off on the prairie, there were only Da and the dollies and Ony the pig, except once in a while when Louis used to ride over to see Da, which was not very often, for Louis lived five miles away, in a sod house just like Bunch's home. So the little girl

had to play by herself most of the time and, as to-day was the first of May, she was playing "move."

But where was there a new house for Bunch's family to move into? That was a serious question, for there was no other doll-house that they knew of for miles around. And really there was nothing the matter with this house, only it was the *fashion* to move and so *they* must move.

The little girl thought and thought for a long time, and then, gayly clapping her hands, she said, "O, I tell you *what*! We needn't move *out* of the house; we can move *in* the house,—house and all!"

This idea delighted her so that she danced wildly up and down and round and round, while Miss Penelope and Dolly Dikes nodded their heads in approval, and the three poor chairs fell together in a heap on the floor at the very thought.

To be sure! There was no rule about *how* folks move, only they *must move*. So the next day everything was carefully packed in mamma's starch-box, and then the play-house and the box of things were tied on Da's sled, which had been made into a wagon by turning it upside down. Da was to help, of course. He would be the horse, and a fine one he was. But after everything was packed and ready, Bunch suddenly remembered that she hadn't decided where to move to. Da wanted to move down by the creek, but Bunch thought that was too far from home. Then Bunch wanted to move into the prairie-dog town, but

Da said that the dogs would take Miss Penelope for a root and eat her up. It was too cold on the hill and too wet behind the barn. The children looked at each other in despair. Where could they move to? At last Bunch said: "Let's ask Dolly Dikes. She's *very* centsubble."

Dolly Dikes sat in the wagon holding the reins all ready to drive to her new home. As Bunch ran up to her, she dropped one rein, and without saying a word pointed straight to the place which they had just left.

"She wants to go back," said Bunch, "she don't want to move at all.

"Well, I think that *is* the best place, Bunchie," said Da.

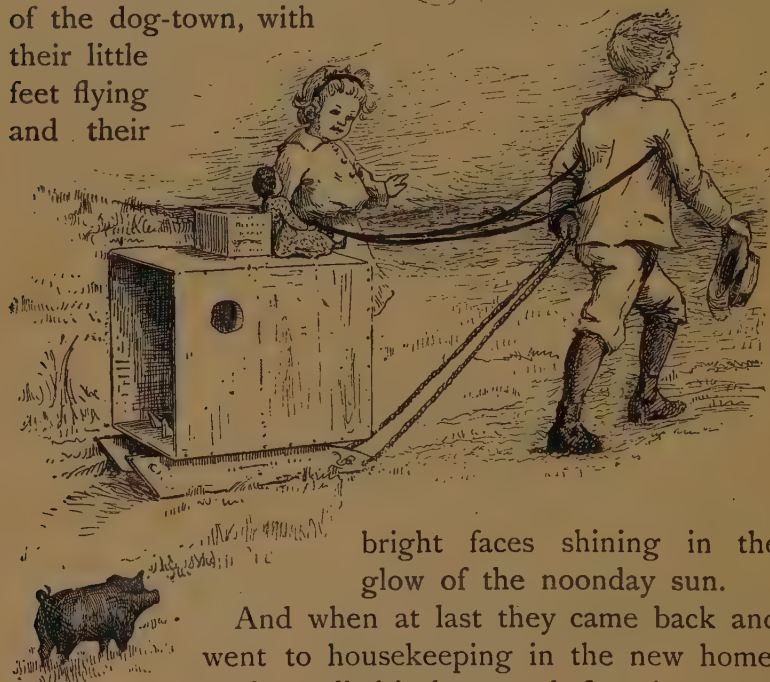
"But I wanted to move," cried Bunch. "It's the first of May, and *ev'ybody* moves."

"I tell you what let's do," said Da, "we can *move* all the same and *play this is a new place*. Don't you see, Bunchie?"

"O, yes," said the little girl, who was always ready to make the best of everything, "so we can! And we'll *call* it 557 West Fourteenth Street, instead of 143 Fifth Avenue."

So the horse was harnessed into the wagon, Miss Dolly took the reins again, and off they all went, Da and Bunch side by side and Ony trotting along behind the wagon. I suppose they *really* went up Fifth Avenue to Twenty-eighth Street, and then up to the

Forty-second Street Station, and so down to Fulton Ferry, and then up again to 557 West Fourteenth Street, though, of course, they *seemed* to be only running across the empty prairie and up and down the rough hillocks and in and out of the mounds of the dog-town, with their little feet flying and their

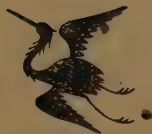


bright faces shining in the glow of the noonday sun.

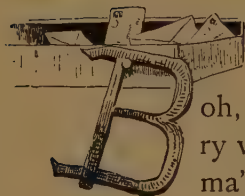
And when at last they came back and went to housekeeping in the new home, as they called it, how much finer it seemed than the old one! The sun seemed to shine in more brightly through the windows and the garden was surely much better and finer.

"This is a much better residence than our old

one, isn't it?" said Bunch grandly, as she introduced Miss Penelope and Dolly Dikes to their new home, "for," she sweetly added to Da, "of course it *is* a new home, if we *play* it is, isn't it, Da?"



BUNCH'S FLOWER GARDEN.



BUNCH wanted a flower garden, oh, so much! Her one sweetest memory was of the beautiful garden at grandma's, "way off" in Vermont, where she had played when she was "littler than now." In this wonderful garden of grandma's were big white and red roses, great yellow marigolds, scarlet poppies, feathered pinks, tiny lilies of the valley, waving prince's-feathers, sweet williams, china-asters, bachelor's-buttons, lady's-slippers, candytuft, mignonette, "bluebenas," and, best of all, a round bed of lady's delights. How Bunch loved them all! and how much she wanted a garden just like this for her very own!

She did not fret about it though, for she was a sweet little girl and tried not to trouble mamma, and thus make her work all the harder. But it *was* too bad that here in Nebraska there were no flowers to speak of, only the tall, wild, yellow and blue flowers that grow in the stiff prairie grass. There was not even any real grass such as they have in Vermont; all the grass around Bunch's home was tall and stiff

and thick, and not a bit pretty. "Wild grass" they call it, and the velvety grass that grows in Vermont, and makes lawns and meadows, people out where Bunch lives call "tame grass," and sometimes they bring a root all the way from the East to plant and keep very choice as a great treasure. Bunch's father had not thought to do this, so there was not even any "tame grass" for the little girl's garden.

Bunch thought about her garden a good deal, but she went on having as good a time as she could without it. Sometime it would come, she knew. And one day it did, but in a very different way from that she had expected, as most good things do.

The top drawer of the bureau at Bunch's house was the post-office, and all the letters and papers that were sent to the people of Plum Creek were put there to be called for. Sometimes a circular or a pamphlet would come, addressed only "P. M., Plum Creek, Nebraska," and then Bunch, who always looked over the mail, knew that it was meant for her father. For she knew that "P. M." meant "postmaster," and she thought it meant nothing else. Once she was well laughed at by brother David for this mistake. She read in a book that "the train was to start at three P. M.," and she thought "three P. M." meant "three postmasters," and asked Da about it. He laughed and told her that "P. M." doesn't *always* mean "postmaster."

Well, one day there came quite a large book ad-

dressed to the postmaster. Bunch opened it eagerly, and when she saw the covers she screamed with delight: "Oh flowers, flowers, look at the flowers!" and, running to her father, she said: "O *may* I have it, papa, say, *may* I?" Her father was willing, so the little girl clasped the book to her heart and ran off to be alone with her new treasure. The book was *Vick's Floral Guide*, and many folks would have thrown it into the waste basket. But Bunch was perfectly happy with it. She pored over it all the rest of the day, and when she went to bed her "flower book" was under her pillow. Perhaps she dreamed about it. At any rate, when she woke in the morning she had a beautiful idea. She said nothing about it, not even to Da, but as soon as the dishes were done, she borrowed her mother's scissors and began to cut the flowers out of the book, very carefully, so as not to spoil them. It almost broke her heart when she had to cut into a big rose that was on the other side of a tulip, but she liked the tulip best and she couldn't have everything! By and by, the flowers were nicely cut out and then she gathered them in her apron and went softly out-of-doors.

Da had been working all the forenoon in the corn-field, and when he came home to dinner Bunch met him with dancing feet and beaming eyes. "Da, O Da! come! look! see my garden!" And she led him to the spot where her play-house stood, and there, beside it, neatly stuck, one by one, on the long spears of prai-

rie grass, were the paper flowers she had cut from the big "flower book." At first Da thought he *must* laugh, they looked so stiff and queer. But a glance at his little sister's triumphant face prevented him. So he only said, "Why, how nice! Did you do it all yourself, Bunchie?"



"Yes, I did it! It's my garden! O I've got a garden at last!" And the little girl threw her arms round Da's neck and burst into tears of joy.

"Why, Bunchie, I didn't know you wanted a garden so much," said the kind brother, kissing away the tears.

"O I did, I did! I almost thought I should cry

if I didn't have one. And it's come, it's come! Of course it isn't *quite* so good as *truly* flowers, 'cause *they* smell," she confessed, "but then *my* garden will last always, and won't die like a truly one, will it, Da?"

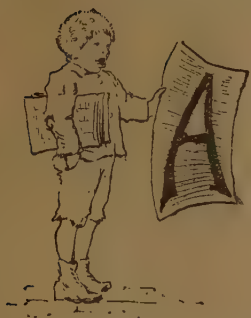
"No, dear, but you'll have to take them in when it rains," laughed Da.

"O yes! and won't that be fun? Why, I can have a new garden every day if I want to. I can change them round, and—everything!" And with fresh delight the dear little thing danced around her "garden made out of a book."

But Da began to think very seriously, and the result was that he did not spend the dollar that his father gave him for sorting letters in the post-office for a book as he had intended. And when the next Christmas came, there came with it a package addressed, "Little Blanche, care P. M., Plum Creek, Neb.;" and in it were seeds and seeds and seeds! And, the next summer, Bunch had a real flower garden, like the one in Vermont; for Da had remembered this, too, and had sent for marigolds and lady's-slippers, candytuft and prince's-feathers, poppies and pinks and china-asters and bachelor's-buttons and lilies of the valley and mignonette and "bluebenas;" and "best of all," said Bunch, "there is a darling little bed of lady's delights 'most 'xactly like grandma's."



HOW LOUIS FOUND A HOME.



VERY little boy with a very dirty face and a very ragged jacket, a tattered fur cap pulled down over his ears, two cold hands in his trousers' pockets, and a pair of old shoes much too big for him! Such was Louis, when Mrs. Maxwell found him. And he was screaming at the top of his voice, "Extra! extra! Telegram, extra! Post, extra!"

It was late; nearly all the men had bought their papers and gone to their warm homes. Louis could not sell one. He had kept up his call for a long time and now he began to grow discouraged and the tears started in his eyes, for he knew that the five cents in his pocket would not buy him a supper and a bed to sleep in, too. This was the first day he had tried being a newsboy, and somehow he hadn't succeeded so well as the other boys. Before to-day his mother had taken care of him, but last night she

did not come home at all and Louis knew he should never see her any more. He had never had a father. And now his mother was gone too. She used to be very kind to him and give him bread and sometimes cake. But they didn't get much to eat. It cost a great deal for their one little room, and even much more for the dresses his mother must have to dance in at the theatre. She must dance every night and look bright and happy and pretty, while her heart was breaking; and she would come home very late and cry herself to sleep, and wish that she might die, if only it weren't for Louis. But now she was gone. There had been a terrible fire the night before. Louis had heard the alarms and had stood spellbound at a distance and seen the big theatre all in flames. He asked no questions, he did not even cry; he knew that he should never see his mother again.

It seemed a year since that time, as now he stood on the street-crossing, watching the other newsboys running about playing with one another and quarreling over the bits of cigar stumps or apple cores that they found in the gutter. He had sold only two papers, and it was almost dark. Just then he saw a lady coming, and he thought he would try once more. Perhaps the lady would like a paper. So he screamed "Telegram! Extra!" quite courageously. The lady was passing by without minding him when a look in his little motherless face attracted her, and she stopped and said, "You haven't sold many, have you?" "No

ma'am," said Louis, "but perhaps I shall to-morrow. I only began to-day." But here his courage failed and the tears came, for he was a very little boy, only six, and not too big to cry yet.



The lady had three little boys of her own, and her Allan was just Louis' size. She did not like to see little boys cry, and so she said quickly, "Here, my dear, don't feel so. Give me one of each kind of your papers and tell me where you live. Perhaps I

can come and see your mother sometime. Would you like to have me?"

But instead of being cheered by this, Louis now began to cry in earnest, and between his sobs the lady heard the words: "My—mother—is—gone—I—shall—never see her again."

And then he tried not to cry, and looked up very bravely, and thanked the lady for the two five-cent pieces she gave him. But Allie Maxwell's mamma could not bear to leave Louis yet. So she asked him to come with her into the warm room in the station where she was to take the train; and there he told her his little story, and how he had become a news-boy, because old Auntie, who kept the apple stand, had told him to, and had given him the money to start with. But Auntie could not take care of him. She had a bad husband who would beat little boys, and "sometimes he beats poor old Auntie, too," said Louis, with a clench of his poor little dirty fist.

Mrs. Maxwell could not help smiling, and then she could not help sighing right afterward. For what should she do with this mite? She didn't want to take him home and she couldn't bear to leave him there. At last she decided to take him home for that night and talk it all over with Allie's papa. So Louis got on board the train and went to Mrs. Maxwell's warm pretty home. And after such a supper as he had never had before—bread and *butter* and two whole doughnuts and a piece of custard pie such

as he had sometimes seen in the windows but never tasted, he was tucked into such a bed as he had never seen before! When all the boys were fast asleep, Mrs. Maxwell told her husband all about little Louis and how she could not bear to leave him, but still she didn't see how she *could* take care of another boy.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Mr. Maxwell; send him out West to Tom and Mary."

"But he is so little. He could never go 'way out there alone."

"O, yes, he can. There are always people enough to look after a child."

"Well," said Mrs. Maxwell, "I know it would be a splendid thing for him. And Tom wants a boy so much. We'll talk with him in the morning."

Brother Tom and his wife lived far away on the plains of Nebraska. They had no children, and everybody out there wanted to keep their own boys and girls themselves, no matter how poor they were. Tom had often written to his sister to find him a boy. But Mrs. Maxwell had never yet seen a boy that she thought good enough for her brother until she found Louis. Now Louis was just the one. He was bright and loving and sweet—after the nice bath she gave him. Yes, Brother Tom would like Louis.

And Louis was very glad to go after he heard of the horses and cows and pigs and hens that were on the wonderful farm; and how he could run about all

day and never see a gutter nor a high brick wall, nor be almost run over by hacks and big express wagons and horse-cars. And he need not sell newspapers any more! After a few days Mr. Maxwell found a gentleman who was going West and who was willing to take Louis as far as Omaha, where brother Tom would find him. Louis had a nice new suit of clothes and a basket of luncheon, and being very little he was so happy at the thought of the horses and pigs that he almost forgot that he was sorry to leave kind Mrs. Maxwell.

He was very tired of riding before he came to Omaha, though the cold chicken and doughnuts helped along a good deal, and he was in constant delight at the cows and sheep and the big hay-stacks and the beautiful houses and the long trains of cars that they passed on their way. But the last day he took a good many naps, and began to wish for a good run out-of-doors. And when the big brown Missouri river was crossed and the cars came to a stop and Louis was taken in the arms of the kind gentleman and lifted from the car at Omaha, he was very glad. Here brother Tom ("Mr. Marsh" the gentleman called him, and Louis soon learned to call him "father") took him in his long, strong arms and carried him to another car, and again away they went. This train went more slowly than the other one, and after a while there were no houses only once in a great way, and the grass was very tall and there were bright yellow flowers every-

where. They traveled all day and after a night spent in a funny little room almost as small as where Louis and his mother used to live, they started for "home."

There were no more cars now, only wagons to travel in. And so Louis, mounted on a big box with a heap of straw all around his feet and legs to keep them warm and with Mr. Marsh at his side, rode for miles and miles across the lonely prairie with the wind almost blowing his breath away! How the big gray horses strode along! And how the prairie chickens flew up, up and away as they drove by! And how the little prairie dogs peeped forth from their holes and barked at them! On they went, through the long grass, over the hills and down the dales, across the brooks and past the queer little sod houses where the rakes and hoes were stuck upon the roof and the grass grew out of the walls; and where the barn was so much like the house that Louis wondered which one the folks lived in. So at last they reached home and there was a sweet lady all ready to love Louis and keep him good and true. Little ones forget; and the pretty lady before long was "mother" to our Louis, and he loved her with all his heart.

All this happened seven years ago. Louis is now a big boy of thirteen, but he has been happy every minute since kind Mrs. Maxwell found him a home. And last summer, when Mrs. Maxwell and Allan went out West to see "brother Tom," it was Louis who went to the station for them and so carefully drove

over all the rough places. You would not have known him for the sad, pale little boy of seven years ago. His cheeks were rough and rosy, his arms strong and his legs able to run almost as fast and as far as old Towser, the big shepherd dog.



Had you seen him as he came to meet them—standing erect in the big wagon, driving the gray horses swiftly down over the hills, his rubber cape flying behind him in the wind, his cheeks rosy, his eyes bright, his fair hair flying all about his face in wet curls, his

cap dripping with the rain that was pouring in torrents, laughing in glee at the fun of the wind and the rain and the drive and everything, — he was so happy! — and singing at the top of his voice “Hold the fort, for *I* am coming!” — you would have said, How much better for Louis to live out here on the big, broad prairie than to be a poor, ragged little newsboy in the streets of New York!



Mother Goose Stories



HICKERTY-PICKERTY'S PARTY.

Hickerty-Pickerty, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay."

THIS is what old Grandma Grimes used to say, and she said it to Mother Goose and then Mother Goose told *us* all about it. Well, when the black hen was just one year old, Grandma Grimes, who lived away up in Vermont, thought she would have a birthday-party for her Hickerty-Pickerty. It was funny to celebrate a hen's birthday, wasn't it? But, you see, Hickerty-Pickerty was such a nice hen that old Mrs. Grimes felt that she must do something to make her happy.

At first she only invited the "gentlemen who came every day," but these little gentlemen, who were about ten or twelve years old, begged so very hard to be allowed to bring their little sisters with them, that Grandma said they might.

The next day came the nine little gentlemen, dressed in their best, bringing with them nine little ladies all

dressed in their very best, too. In those days, when Hickerty-Pickerty was young, little girls did not dress as they do now. Instead of looped-up over-skirts, broad sashes and crinkly hair, each little girl wore a blue or a pink calico frock, a long-sleeved apron with a narrow



edge of tatting around it, and a big hat with a piece of ribbon, called a bridle, fastened to it to hold on by and to keep the hat from being carried off by Mr. Wind. Their hair was cut short and parted neatly in the middle, and every one had on copper-toed shoes. As for the boys, of course they had jackets with pockets, and

trousers with pockets, and soldier caps and sailor caps and red-white-and-blue neckties.

After Grandma Grimes had kissed them all and given each a nice seed-cake with a plum on top, there was still one little girl who all the boys said wasn't *their* sister. This girlie's frock was torn and her shoes were full of holes, and, instead of a hat with a pretty ribbon, she had only a green cape-bonnet. But her blue eyes shone and her pretty brown curls peeped out from under the green checked cape of her poor little bonnet, and as she stood looking at Grandma and trying with all her might to eat up her green bonnet-string, she was a pretty and a funny little thing to see.

"Who are *you*, little girl?" said Grandma. "My is Altie" said the cunning little thing, "My comed to a party." And then she went on trying to eat up her green bonnet-string. "It must be little Elsie that lives 'way down town" said Grandma, "but she is welcome all the same."

So Grandma gave her a seed-cake too, and she went off to play with the rest; but there she found, oh, dear! that the girls didn't like her because she had shabby clothes and that the boys were all too busy eating peanuts and climbing the gate-posts to take any notice of her.

So poor Elsie went away by herself, down the yard, through the back gate to the barn, and nobody saw her go and nobody missed her.

All this time Grandma Grimes was baking a big plate-

ful of apple-tarts and a tin pan full of ginger-snap horses, dogs and elephants for her company. She set the table under the smoke-bush and put on it the tin cups and saucers and plates and the cunning tin tea-pot that her little girl used to play with ever so many years ago. And there was a blue cream-pitcher, too, and a sugar bowl with a blue rose for a handle, and some tiny knives and forks, just big enough to cut up ginger-snaps and jelly-tarts.

When all was ready—and nice, creamy biscuits and sweet molasses and water were not forgotten—old Grandma Grimes rang the big dinner-bell, and the children came trooping in. But, before they had dinner, Grandma had something to tell them. So when she had said “hush” several times and they were pretty quiet, she said: “You know, my dears, that you came here to-day to see my black hen and her wonderful egg. Now, she always comes off the nest just as the bell rings for dinner, she’s such a wonderful hen! So now, I want you to form a procession and march around the yard to the barn and find the speckled egg up high in the hay-loft and bring it to me for my dinner, and each of you shall have a taste. The little gentlemen know the way.”

“Come on!” said Jamie, “I’ll show you! I’ve been there much as seventy-seven times.” So Jamie took Ida by the hand and Harry took Florence and Emma took “little brother” and the others marched after them, all singing: “Little fairy, light and airy,” until

they came to the big old barn. Here there was a ladder to climb and the children went up one by one and stepped softly over the hay till they came to Hickerty-Pickerty's nest. But what was this in the nest? A torn gown, a green cape-bonnet and a bunch of brown curls! The poor little girl had fallen asleep in the black hen's nest.

"O, what a negg!" said Alfred, "and where's Hickerty-Pickerty gone to?"



"She must ha' goed when *her* comed up," said baby Winnie.

"I shall just go and tell Grandma Grimes," said Ida proudly. "She won't like it, *I* know.

"But she didn't mean any harm," said Eva, "and I don't believe Grandma will care a single bit."

And Grandma didn't care, for when the children scrambled into the house and told her about it, she laughed merrily and came to see. There lay little "Altie," fast asleep still; but where was the black

hen? The children hunted all over the loft and they talked so loud that at last they waked Altie, who looked very much frightened and began to chew her bonnet-strings very hard when she saw them all.

"Where's Hickerty-Pickerty?" they all asked in a chorus.

"You pulled her off, you naughty thing," said Bonnie.

"No, my didn't, neiver," said the tiny thing, still eating up her bonnet-string, "her was cold, my kepted her warm."

"I should say so," said Grandma, laughing, and she lifted a corner of her frock and there found Hickerty-Pickerty, looking as contented as if she had had little girls for bed-fellows all her life.

After that, Altie was queen of the day. Grandma carried her off in her loving arms and set her in a tip-cart, and put a wreath of roses on her curls. George was footman and Alfred and Harry and Gerald made a nice tandem team, while Ida and Winnie and Emma and all the rest were maids of honor and pages to the queen.

Then they all sat down to dinner, and Gerald and Eva were host and hostess and passed the nice things round to their little guests. Last of all came barley-candy-sticks and gum-drops and jujube-paste that "pulls out and makes more," as Altie said. Then each had a tin cup of lemonade and drank to the health of Hickerty-Pickerty who was contentedly pecking at the

corn and oats grandma had 'given her for a treat on her birthday. She didn't care for birthdays! But the children did, and they had a happy time. The little birds sang in the cherry-tree and the fairy men peeped out of the blue-bells; and Altie sang a song about a butterfly in a boat made of cobwebs, and Alfred said a piece about a pig at a party.

At last all of them joined hands about the little brown queen (who wasn't poor any longer because she was happy and they loved her) and they all sang about the sweet rose-buds and the violets blue, who send their love to me and you; the pretty birds and the gardens gay, where the darling babies dance and play. Then the party was over. They all kissed Altie and filled her pocket and her apron with cookies and carried her home the happiest little girlie in the world.



MORE ABOUT LITTLE MISS MUFFIT.



LL we know now about little Miss Muffit is what Mother Goose has told us. She sat on a "tuffet," whatever that may be, and I'm sure *I* don't know, but she "sat on a tuffet," so Mother Goose says, "eating of curds and of whey, when there came a BLACK SPIDER and sat down BESIDE HER and FRIGHTENED Miss Muffit AWAY. Now I suppose you all want to know what happened after that, and so here is the rest of the story.

After little Miss Muffit ran off home, the black spider ate up all her curds and whey and built a nice web over the bowl, so that when Miss Muffit came back to get it, there sat Mr. Spider looking at her with his many bright eyes. But this time she didn't feel frightened, and she wasn't surprised when the spider spoke to her and said, "Sit down, little girl, and I will tell you a pretty story." So she sat down

on the tuffet and leaned her head in her hands and gazed out over the great lake and listened to the spider's story. This is what he told her:—

“Once upon a time, my dear,—long, long ago, before Mother Goose was born,—once upon a time there were no little girls in the world. Everybody was grown up, and the world was very still and sad.



The people used to say, ‘Oh, if only we could have some little things to pet and love, how happy we should be.’ So they went to petting cats and dogs and birds, for every one must have something to love and care for.

“Now, there was a good, beautiful princess who lived

in a glass palace, and she wanted a little pet, too,—but she must have something nicer than a cat or a dog—so she sat down and thought and thought, till she thought it all out, and she knew that what she wanted was a little pet just like herself, only small and cunning and sweet. But how could such a thing be made?

“She looked in all her gilded receipt-books and read every history and story-book that she could find. But no such thing was spoken of. At last she remembered that somewhere she had once heard of a wonderful magician who could do everything. So she sent heralds all over the world to find him, and late one night he came riding up to her castle on a snow-white pony. He was a very little man and his hair was long and of a bright red color, and in his hand he held a long white wand tipped with a golden star. The princess took him into her parlor and gave him some pink tea and plum cake, and then told him what she wanted.

“‘Ah!’ said the magician, ‘you want a little one like yourself.’

“‘Yes,’ said the princess, ‘something to love and pet,—not like a dog—something that will love me, too, and that will always be my darling.’

“The magician shut his eyes and buried his face in his hands to think. Seven days and nights he sat thus and did not speak, only muttered now and then some unknown words; and he would eat nothing but a

piece of sugar every day, and drink a glass of strawberry lemonade.

"At last he arose and calling the princess, bade her bring him a gold kettle and a silver ladle, and when



she had done this, he asked for some sugar and cinnamon and nutmeg and lemon-juice and citron and raisins and molasses candy and ice-cream and mince pie, and when these were brought, he mixed them up

together in the gold kettle and stirred them with the silver ladle and sang this song three times over it all:—

‘What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice,
And all things nice,
That’s what little girls are made of.’

“Then the old magician took a rose-leaf and laid it on the top of this wonderful mixture, and two little blue violets by its side. Then he called me from under the door-mat, for I am 10,000 years old and remember all about it, and told me to weave my nicest web about the gold kettle. I weaved about and about for a whole day, and then bit off my thread and waited to see what would happen. The magician then waved his hand over the whole and said:—

‘Sugar and spice
And all things nice
Make us a sweet little girl again.’

And there, right before me, stood the dearest little thing, all silver and gold, with violets for eyes and roses for cheeks and gold-colored hair, while my brown web had turned to a dress of finest silk.

“She screamed quite naturally when she saw me, and ran to the princess for protection, as every little girl has done ever since in all the world; though I

don't see what there is about me to frighten them. I'm sure I love them dearly, and have often spun webs in the sunshine on purpose for their pleasure.

"Now, when all the people saw this little dear they also wanted one, and the magician became very busy in making little girls for everybody. The princess and all the rest were full of joy and rewarded the good old man more than he had dreamed of.

"‘Now,’ said they, ‘we have something real to love and it will always be little and we can always pet and fondle it.’

"But we can never be quite happy! By some mistake, the candy-man had sent some jujube-paste with the molasses candy, and the magician did not discover it, and so the little girls could not stay little, but stretched up and grew tall and large like the older people after a while. But, on the whole, their friends were glad, for it is not best always to be a little girl."

The spider's story was over, and little Miss Muffit jumped up and ran home, after thanking the kind, old spider and telling him she would not be afraid of him any more.

The next morning (for all this happened in the night, you see), little Miss Muffit told her mamma all about the spider and the candy-man and the beautiful princess and the sweet little girl; and as she jumped out of her crib, and put on her shoes and stockings, she said, "Mamma, I hope there is

lots of jujube-paste in me, don't you? for I want to grow up big, right away quick, so I can have a great, long dress like yours, mamma, and play on the pin-anner same as sister, and oh — lots and lots of things!"



THE THREE LITTLE WISE MEN.

"Three Wise Men of Gotham
Went to Sea in a Bowl."



O says Mother Goose, but she never told us who the wise men were, or why they went to sea in a bowl, or what they did when they got there, and it is only a little while ago that we found all this out.

The three little wise men lived in Gotham, which was Mother Goose's name for the great city of New York, and their names were Bobby Shafto, Peter Piper and Simple Simon. They went to sea in a bowl because they had heard of a magic fish, a golden fish with silver scales, and they wanted to catch him and put him in their museum.

Mother Goose had told them that if they could only catch this wonderful fish they would be the wisest and richest little men in the whole world. So Bobby Shafto and Peter Piper and Simple Simon

agreed that they would help one another to catch the magic fish, and the only way to do this was to go to sea in a bowl.

Well, at last the bowl was ready and the great day arrived. The big bay of Gotham was dotted with



little boats filled with people waiting to see these three little wise men as they got on board their bowl and pushed off toward the open sea. The bowl was the largest one they could find in Gotham, and was

made of blue porcelain painted with red and yellow and green figures of horses and chariots and ships and elephants and trees and people. The three little wise men were all very fat and had to sit pretty close together to keep from tipping the bowl, so it was not as comfortable as it might have been.

Bobby Shafto sat at the helm and Peter Piper tended the paddle, while Simple Simon opened his big telescope and searched into the water for the golden fish with silver scales. It was a part of their plan that nothing should be eaten till they arrived at their first stopping place,—a coral island at the entrance of Silent River, about three hundred miles east of Gotham—and not a word should be spoken till their journey's end, for fear of frightening away the magic fish.

The three little wise men had each brought a wise story-book and held it open on his knee, so that he might spend every spare moment in reading. Bobby's book was called "Afloat and Ashore," Simon's was "Two Years before the Mast," and Peter Piper had a book written by himself which he thought he would call "Five Pickled Peppers."

Simple Simon was so enchanted with the wonders that he saw through his telescope that he found no time to read. He saw many beautiful things—huge whales puffing and snorting, porpoises gliding at their side, and white jelly fish floating on the top of the waves. He saw that the big fish were always eating

up the little fish, while they in their turn ate the flies and water-snakes, and all were happy. The long grass waved in and out among the rough rocks, and the little hard barnacles creaked as the waters rushed over them. The moss and waving grasses made many a beautiful nook among the coral beds, and Simple Simon was quite sure that once he saw a mermaid combing her green hair with a golden comb and wiping the salt tears from her eyes with the tip of her scaly tail. The big sharks glared at the three little wise men with hungry eyes, and once a swordfish tried to pierce the bowl with his long sharp sword.

Meanwhile, Bobby Shafto sat at the helm and watched the sea-birds and the lights glimmering from the tall light-houses, and steered the bowl safely through the deep waters, and Peter Piper paddled, and watched the sea and the wind.

Thus they rode on for seventeen days, and then they reached the mouth of Silent River and landed on a coral island covered with trees and birds, and had a supper of doughnuts and apple-turnovers and hot peanuts.

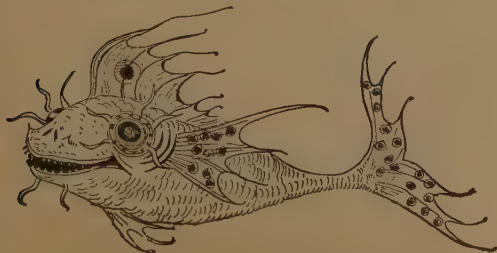
The next morning they started again, and for many days silently glided over the waves. Simple Simon saw many beautiful fishes, large and small, but not one of "gold with silver scales." Bobby Shafto had read his book through nine times, and twice backwards; and Peter Piper had written and re-written his poem until even he was tired of it, and still their journey did not end.

At length, one night, Simple Simon, tired of gazing so long into the sea, laid down the telescope and went to sleep. Bobby Shafto caught it up, and had scarcely put it to his eyes before he saw, following the boat as if unable to escape from it, the magic fish! Bobby need only reach forth his hand to grasp the fish around its body.

But now came a wicked thought into Bobby's mind. If he could gain the magic fish without his friends' knowing it, then he, and he alone, would be the wisest and richest little man in the world, and would not need to share his wisdom and riches with his friends, Peter and Simon.

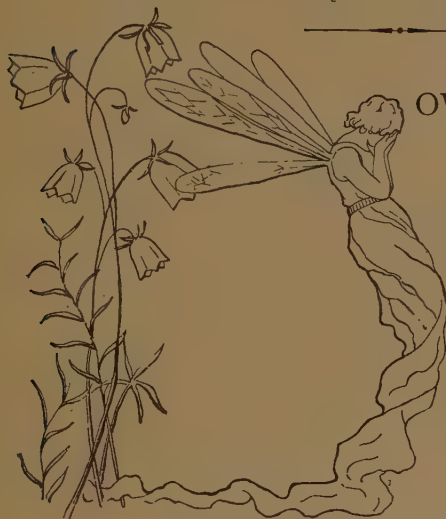
With this wicked wish to cheat his companions, he leaned gently forward and caught the fish firmly in both hands; but in doing this he had let go the helm, and as Peter was paddling rapidly, before Bobby could quite catch the fish, or Simon awake, or Peter turn his head to see, the blue bowl was driven upon a coral reef and smashed into a thousand pieces. And

"If the bowl had been stronger,
My story 'd been longer."



Fairy Stories

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LITTLE FAY.



OWN in the depths of a lily-cup lived a dear little fay. Her garments were of silver, and her bright, curling hair shone like the river in the moonlight. She had wings on her little feet and wings on her little shoulders, and around her tiny waist she wore a bright scarf of crimson embroidered with silver lilies. The little fay was beautiful, but the little fay was sad; for that morning, just as the sunbeams touched the petals of her lily-cup and brightened with gold every dew-drop, a great misfortune had befallen her. The yellow spider, whose web had been her constant covering and shelter from the night dew, had curled up as if in pain, and fallen from her lily resting-place.

The little fay could not tell what had befallen her friend—only she felt that she was gone and that no more would the bright web be spread above her bed every night. So the little fay wept tears of sadness, and could not be glad at the bright sun and the shining morning.

Meanwhile the harebells in the garden were ringing glad songs, and the sweet white violet was peeping at her purple sister by her side, and the big sunflower was welcoming the day, shaking her yellow hair and sprinkling all the flowers with dew. But the little fay saw none of this, for her eyes were dim with tears.

At last the whole world of flowers was awake, and every head was raised to catch the sweetness of the morning air. The lark came fluttering down from his morning concert and sang a welcome to the blooming little world, and the yellow butterfly, sailing to and fro, kissed the lips of the rose and bade her good-morning. All the world was beautiful, and all the world was glad, except the little fay. Still she wept in her lily-cup and would not look above its rim at the blue and golden day.

By and by the sun, mounting higher and higher, burned away the web above her bed and smiled a kind welcome to her. There lay the little fay, her eyes red with weeping and her silvery robe tumbled. Silly thing! she had not even reached forth her hand to catch the dew-drop all ready for her morning drink, but had let it dry and be lost.

The big sun laughed at her, and said: "What is the matter with my little daughter this bright day? Look! all the flowers are glad and gay, and still you lie here in sorrow." But the little fay hid her face in her crimson scarf and did not answer.



Then the sun looked around for some one who could comfort his little girl, and he saw a brown butterfly sipping honey from the white rose. He spoke to him, and the butterfly flew straight to the lily-cup, and bending over its edge whispered to our little fay: "Come, wake up, dearie! See how the poor lily faints beneath your weight; see how the dew-drops are all wasted because you have not done your morning work; see how the spider's web is burned up, because you were not

awake to lay it safely away!"

Then the little fay was ashamed, and she lifted her head and smoothed her hair from her eyes, and throwing her arms around the brown butterfly, she mounted

his back, flew to the brook, washed her pretty face and hands and ate her breakfast of honey and dew. All the flowers were glad to see her, for they had begun to miss her. She it was who, early in the morning, always waked them with soft pinches, brushed the dew from their petals with her wings, and sang to them that the sun was up and all the world was glad.

Now she flew from one to the other asking forgiveness, and she whispered a pretty story in the white violet's ear and kissed the red rose good morning. The big sunflower greeted her with a loud "Good day," and she sat and swung on his long spikes, and played with the flies and midges as they sailed by.

Thus all day she played and smiled, and made the garden happy with her songs, and all the flowers said, "What should we do without our little fay?" Do not think that she had forgotten her sorrow—no indeed! She had only resolved that it was better not to trouble others with it. But when the flowers had gone to sleep, and the frogs began to sing, she crept to her lily, and nestling there, wept again, and promised the lily that she would always love her friend the spider, but never, never let any one know.

By and by the moon came up, and creeping slowly over the garden, looked down into the lily-cup and saw the little fay fast asleep. The moon smiled on her tear-drops and loved her the more because she could be sad as well as gay.

So the night went by and when the sun again laughed out of the sea, the little fay awoke and jumped up smiling from her bed. But what did she see? The dear old web again stretched above her, golden in the morning light, and her friend, the spider, looking at her with the kind old glance. She had imagined all her sorrow after all, for the spider had only gone on a journey, and had not waited to tell her. She sang with joy, and spreading her wings, flew up through the light web to the clear air. And the sun was up, and all the world was glad.



LITTLE LOUBEEZE IN DREAMLAND.



— ♦ —

EVERYONE else in the house was fast asleep except little Louise, no, I mean little "*Loubeeze*," for that is what our baby calls herself, and so we all call her "Beeze" for short. Little Loubeeze, you see, was keeping awake as hard as she could, so that she might see Jack Frost, when he came tapping at the window—as Aunt Marthy said he always did on a very cold night, like this. Her little pink toes were nestled deep down in the blanket, and her yellow curls were tossing about, as she twisted and turned, to keep herself awake. She said "Jack and Jill," and the "Five Pond Lilies," over and over again, and at last she thought she would "make carpets," as she had often done before, with sister Lena.

Lena was fast asleep now, and Beeze must make carpets alone. So she shut her eyes tight, and pressed her little fat fingers against her eyelids, not hard, so as to hurt, but just hard enough to keep out the

light and make the "carpets" come; and, with her face deep down in the pillow, waited to see what would happen.

First, all was dark, but pretty soon a bright circle of light came, and it grew larger and larger, until it seemed to fill the whole world. Inside this big circle were lots of bright-colored little circles, like round mats on the bright carpet. Did you ever see a kaleidoscope? Well, it was something like that, only the carpets were prettier, and did not last so long. Beeze only had time to say "Oh how pretty!" before this carpet was gone, and another had come, and so on.

To-night, the carpets were prettier than ever, and she was so pleased with them that she had forgotten all about Jack Frost, when something happened that never happened before, in making carpets.

The carpet was now bright green, covered with white dots, and suddenly, right in the middle, something began to grow upward. It did not come from the outside, but suddenly popped up right through the middle of the carpet, and began to grow and grow, until, in about three seconds, it was a fine tree, all covered with pink and white blossoms.

And now, on the very top of the tree, came a little scarlet and black thing, that tossed its head and opened its mouth, as if it would like to swallow the world.

"Oh, oh!" whispered the little girl, "it is a birdie, a booful birdie!" So it was, and singing, too, at the

top of its voice, though it was so far away that Beeze could only *see* it sing. But this was only the first of many wonderful things. Before the birdie had ceased his song, there came running toward the tree, a little



brown boy and a little pink girl, carrying a bright yellow pail between them. They set the pail down under the tree, and began to talk and play together, as Beeze knew by their looks and motions. But she could not hear a word,

they were so far away, so very far away.

The little boy wore a long brown bib-apron, and the little girl, a pink-checked



frock; and pretty soon the boy took two apples and a doughnut from his pocket, and the girl unrolled a big piece of paper, and found two sticks of candy

and a seed cake. They sat down, she on the big water pail, and he on the green grass, and ate up every bit.

Then they brushed off the crumbs, and hand in hand, the boy carrying the pail alone this time, they skipped away, off the carpet, out of sight. Where did they go? Beeze looked, and looked, but they were gone, and had left nothing behind them but the brown bib-apron which the little boy had dropped when he wiped his sticky face and hands, and then had forgotten all about it.

All this time the carpet was changing, much faster than I can tell you. The light green had become dark green, mixed with brown; the pink and white blossoms had fallen from the tree. The bright bird, looking down through the green leaves, had spied the brown bib, and flying down, had caught it in his bill, and flown with it up into the topmost branches.

Then all at once, there were the little boy and girl again, this time bearing a basket of flowers. Beeze knew them by their sweet faces, although the pink frock was changed to a long pink gown, and in place of the brown bib, there was a dark brown coat. She thought they must have come back for the brown bib, and she spoke right out and said:

“Look up in the tree!”

But they did not hear, they were so far away! And the birdie in the tree had made a nest of the brown bib, and it was full of speckled eggs! Slowly the boy

and girl walked away together out of sight, and the green carpet changed to brown, and the leaves on the tree grew red and yellow, and began to fall.

Then the carpet grew browner, the branches of the tree were bare, and the brown nest looked lonely, in the topmost branch. White specks fell over everything, until the carpet became a beautiful white, fluffy mass, out of which the tree stood, tall and dark.

The brown nest was full of snow; and "Little Lou-beeze" felt like crying when she saw how cold and lonely it looked, when suddenly, a bright light shone over the carpet, and made it sparkle like a carpet of diamonds, and a great many people came running and dancing over it, toward the old tree. Beeze saw among them a pink hood and a pair of brown mittens, and then she knew her own boy and girl, though they were muffled in furs and shawls, and their hair was the color of the white carpet. Then she saw the rest of the people gather round these two, and hug and kiss them, and form a ring and dance around them, until they were tired from very fun and laughter. The carpet of snow seemed to laugh too, as it sparkled in the light.

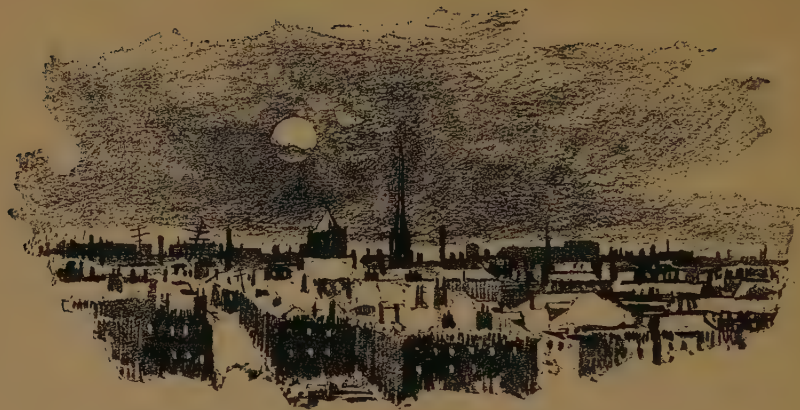
Suddenly there was a noise overhead, and the brown nest fell to the ground, at the feet of the pink lady, and the brown man picked it up, and looked at it, and then laughed, and then the lady laughed, and Beeze seemed to hear him say, as he held it up, to show them all:

"Here is that brown bib-apron, I lost so long ago. Don't you remember, mother? when we were children?" And they all gathered around, and Beeze wished she could hear what they said. But she couldn't, they were so far away. So she watched them, until they went away, and the light went away too, and she was left alone, with the white carpet, and the tree. Not even the nest was there now.

She grew tired of watching, the carpet did not change any more, and at last she raised her head, and rubbed her eyes. It was morning! She had not seen Jack Frost after all, for he had come while she was dreaming, and had painted *his* carpets on the window panes. She wanted to cry, but she remembered the beautiful things she had seen, and so she laughed instead, and running into mamma's room, she cried:

"O, mamma, I did see fairyland! But, mamma, it was *so far away!*"





HOW THE MOON GOT HER HALO.



HE short winter day is over. The sun, so unwilling to give any warmth all through the day, has gone to bed behind the row of white hills. Just for a minute he leaves a red glow on the clouds, as a sort of good-by, and then the gray twilight shuts down.

It is very cold. The frost fairies begin to trace their pictures on the window-panes, and the men and women are hurrying homeward, shutting close the doors and putting more wood on the fires. The babies are cuddled up warm in their mammas' arms, or tucked snugly down under the blankets. Even the kitties are glad to stay

in and warm their toes by the fire. Nobody wants to be out-of-doors to-night.

Nobody, did I say? Yes, there is somebody,—the moon! As the sun goes down, she peeps above the horizon, just as round as he is, and almost as warm. Certainly she is a great deal more rosy and jolly than he has been to-day. *She* is happy to be out-of-doors to-night, for it is one of the longest nights of the year. Up out of the blue water she comes, slowly sailing up the eastern sky,—queen of the night and of the stars.

And how lovely the world is that she sees beneath her,—the rolling ships and gleaming lighthouses, the long, quiet beaches, the frosty hills and the frozen rivers, and, best of all, the great city. Here the moon sees many strange sights, and it is a long time before she discovers why it is that all the houses where the rich folks live are so wonderfully lighted up. Then she remembers that it is Christmas-eve. The rich Boston people are having Christmas parties and Christmas trees for their children. The churches, too, are lighted; and the people are going back and forth, running fast to keep warm, laden with baskets and bundles and lanterns and rocking-horses and dolls and baby-carriages and trumpets and drums and books and whips and cornucopias of candy and bright-colored glass globes and festoons of evergreen, all to hang upon the trees for the children.

This makes the moon happy, for she knows what

Christmas means, and she is glad when the people remember it. She smiles brightly, but suddenly grows very sober, for she sees something that ought not to happen on Christmas-eve.

A little girl, very small and very thinly dressed, her bare feet and hands blue with the dreadful cold, is kneeling on the top of the marble steps of one of the houses and trying to look through the curtains at the warmth and happiness within.

She cannot see very much, but what she can see is so beautiful that she almost forgets her cold and hunger. Suddenly the door opens, and a man comes out. He is dressed like the men who sit on the tops of fine carriages, and he carries a whip in his hand. The child jumps up in fear; and then the man, who had not seen her till then, seizes her by the arm, and threatening to strike her if she doesn't "clear out," thrusts her off the steps into the street. Oh, how dreadful, how dreadful it is! The moon hides her face behind a cloud, and the whole world grows dark.

A minute later the moon looks out again. Where is the poor little child now? The door of the great house is still open, and a long line of light streams out over the snow. The door-way is crowded with people, and down at the bottom of the steps kneels a beautiful little girl. She is talking to the poor child and trying to make her stop crying; for the rough man had hurt her, and her cry of pain had been



heard by the company in the parlor. A finely dressed lady hurries down the steps, saying, "Madie, Madie, come back!" and then she beckons to the coachman to come and "take that ragged child away."

But Madie clings fast to the little girl's hand; and as the lady, with a stern look, bends over her, she



says, "Why, mamma, she is crying! and see how she shivers. Please let me take her into the parlor." And then, as her mother still frowns, she says, "Mamma, *you* wouldn't like to be out here in the cold."

The mother is silent; and Madie, still holding fast the poor little girl's hand, leads her through the crowd of people into the beautiful room, where it is light and warm, and where there is something so good to eat! And it is all for her,—the poor, little, ragged child! She can hardly believe it. Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful it is! The moon looks through the curtains and sees the two happy little girls and

the people around them, led by the love of the child to see what Christmas-eve really means.

"Yes, it means something more than presents and Christmas-trees and a good time," says the smiling moon. She says it so loud that the stars hear her and nod back to her. "Yes, indeed," they sing, "Yes indeed, help one another, help one another." And the little white cloud, sailing by on the wind, catches the moon's happy smile, turns it into rainbows, and makes a halo round her kind old face.





True Stories



A LITTLE MAID OF LONG AGO.



WAY off in the beautiful country of Greece, a long, long time ago, there lived a little maiden, the daughter of a king. Her name was Gorgo, — not a very pretty name, perhaps, to us who are used to calling little girls “Ida,” and “Ethel” and “Marjorie,” but a strong name, and therefore just the name for this little maid,—as you shall see.

In those old times there used to be many wars, and the country of Sparta, the part of Greece where Gorgo lived, was famous for its brave soldiers, who never thought for a moment of themselves when their country was in danger, but would always stand ready to fight for their dear native land.

Sometimes these were not good wars, but wars for revenge, instead of for freedom and for loyalty to beautiful Greece. Some wicked man would be angry at an injury he had received, and in order to revenge this injury he would go about among the different kingdoms and persuade the rulers to join with him

and try to overcome his enemy; and then there would be a terrible war in order to satisfy one wicked man's wicked wish.

Aristagoras was such a man as this. He did not like the king and wished to become king himself in-



stead. So one day he came to Sparta, and tried to persuade King Cleomenes, the father of little Gorgo, to help drive the rightful king away and put himself on the throne.

He talked with the king a long time. He promised

him power and honor and money if he would do as he wished; more and more money, and, as the king refused, still more and more money he offered, and at last King Cleomenes almost consented.

But it happened that when Aristagoras came into the presence of the king, the king's little daughter was standing by his side with her hand in his. Aristagoras wanted Cleomenes to send her away, for he knew very well that it is much harder to persuade a man to do something wrong when there is a dear little child near by. But the king said, "No, say what you have to say in her presence, too," and so little Gorgo stood by her father's side, looking up into his face with her innocent eyes and listening intently to all that was said.

She felt that something was wrong, and when she heard the strange man offer her father money and honors, and saw her father look troubled, and cast down his eyes, she knew that Aristagoras was trying to make her father do something he did not quite want to do. So she stole her little hand softly into his, and said:—

"Papa, come away, come, or this strange man will make you do wrong."

This made the king feel strong again, and clasping the little maid's hand tightly in his own, he rose and left the bad man who had tempted him to do wrong, and went away with the child who had saved him and the country from dishonor.

Gorgo was only ten years old then, but she was worthy to be a king's daughter because, being good and true herself, she helped her father to be good and true also.

When she grew to be a woman Gorgo became the wife of a king, and then she showed herself as noble a queen as she had been a princess. Her husband was that King Leonidas who, you remember, stood in the narrow pass of Thermopylæ with his small army and fought back the great hosts of the Persians until he and all his brave band were killed.

But before this happened, there was a time when the Grecians did not know that the great Persian army was coming to try to destroy them, and a friend of theirs who was a prisoner in the country where the great Xerxes lived, wishing to warn the Spartans of the coming of the Persians, so they might prepare, sent a messenger to King Leonidas. But when the messenger arrived all he had to show for his message was a bare, white, waxen tablet. The king and all the lords puzzled over this strange tablet a long time, but could make nothing out of it. At last they began to think it was done in jest and did not mean anything.

But just then the young queen Gorgo said: "Let me take it," and after looking it all over she said; "There must be some writing underneath the wax!"

They scraped away the wax from the tablet, and there, sure enough, written on the wood beneath, was

the message of the Grecian prisoner and his warning to King Leonidas that the great Persian army was coming.

Thus Gorgo helped her country a second time, for if the Spartans had not known that the army was coming they could not have warned the other kingdoms and perhaps the Persians would not have been conquered. But, as it was, Leonidas and the other kings called their armies together and when the Persian army appeared the Greeks were ready to meet them and to fight and die for their beautiful Greece.

So this one little maid who lived hundreds of years ago, a princess and a queen, helped to save her father from disgrace and her country from ruin. And we may feel sure that she was strong and true always, even when her brave husband, Leonidas, lay dead in the fearful pass of Thermopylæ, and she was left to mourn alone in the royal palace at Sparta.



A LITTLE MAID OF TO-DAY.

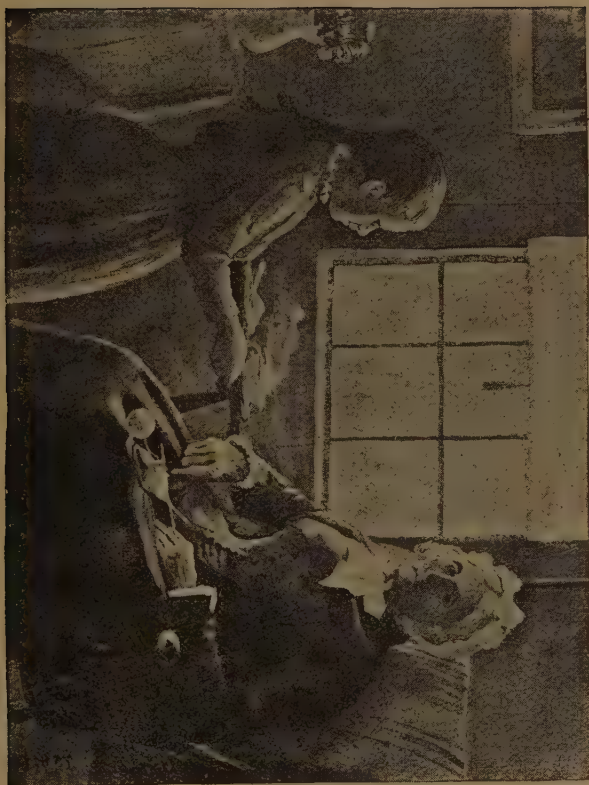


HERE is a little girl I know who thinks she is of no use in the world. She is always wishing that she might do some great thing; and when

she hears that one of her schoolmates has done something very nice, she always wishes that *she* had done it, and mourns that *she* can "never be or do anything like other girls." She never thinks of what she *is* doing every day. So we always call her "Little Do-Nothing."

"Why cannot *I* paint a wild rose like Jennie, or play a piece on the piano like Maud?" she said to me one day; and when I replied, "Because you have not tried, Lena," she said, "But I couldn't if I did try. Everybody but me can do things. *I'm* of no use, Auntie."

She looked up at me so sorrowfully that I wanted to comfort her. So I took her upon my lap (though she is almost too big for that now) and said to her:—



"Now, Lena, try to think if there is not something you do that is worth while. Tell me just what you do every day." After a minute the little girl began :—

"Why, I wipe the dishes, and make my bed, and set the table, and—I guess that's all."

"Well, even that is something," I said; "but don't you help take care of grandma, and get her supper for her when Mamma is away?"

"Oh, yes!" said Lena; "but that isn't anything. Of course I do that."

"And don't you go to school, dearie?"

"Why, yes, I go to school; but everybody does that."

"And don't you get a good lesson almost every day?"

"Teacher says so," modestly replied "Little Do-Nothing."

"But I suppose all this amounts to nothing, doesn't it? You want to do something grand! that is it, isn't it, dear?"

"I never thought *those* things were anything," she said; "of course I do those, because I want to help Mamma and learn something at school."

"And I suppose you think 'everybody' does that too, don't you, Lena?"

Lena saw that I was laughing at her, but could not see the reason why; and I did not wish to tell her that not all little girls *want* to help their mam-

mas and learn their lessons. So I only kissed her and rocked her in my arms like a baby,—this sweet little girl who thought she was of no use in the world.

After that, I used to watch when she was not looking, just to see the little things she would do that she thought of “no account.” And I will tell you about one day, which was very much like all other days. After doing all the little things she could to help, and playing with baby Francis till he forgot what it was to cry, Lena started to do an errand at the grocery store. I happened to be going out too, and so I went with her. She always told me all her little troubles, and this day she said, just as we left the gate:—

“Auntie, Ethel has made her dolly a whole new suit. I wish I could sew as nicely as Ethel does.”

I did not say anything, for just then we heard a great laughing and shouting, and a poor, ugly, little yellow dog ran toward us, followed by a crowd of big boys. I caught Lena’s hand and tried to draw her out of the way, but she left me, and running toward the dog, she knelt down, threw her apron over him, and kept him there till the boys had gone by. I was afraid that the dog might bite her, and said: “How did you dare to go up to him so, Lena? I would not.”

“Oh, that’s nothing!” said she; “I wasn’t going to let him get hurt, of course!”

Presently we came to a store window where there were ribbons and laces, and Lena stopped and looked in.

"Anything you want, dear?" I asked, smoothing her pink cheek.

"I was wondering," she replied, "if Rosie's papa would tell her how sick Mamie Gray is, so she could go and see her. Would you tell him, Auntie?"

Of course I went with the dear little girl while she sent the message.

A little way farther we saw on the ground a little brown bird trying to learn to fly. He had fluttered along from the tree into the middle of the sidewalk, where people could hardly help treading on him. Indeed, I did not see him at all; but Lena did, and quickly picked him up and set him inside the fence, almost before I knew what she was doing. Just then some of her schoolmates came riding by, and when they saw her they invited her to take a ride with them to the beach. My little girl wanted to go, for she loves the sea; but after a moment's hesitation she said:—

"I want to go ever so much, but I promised Mamma to come straight home and take care of Francy."

If I had not been with her the dear little thing would have lost her ride, but I told her to go, while I went home and told her mother and took her place by Francy's cradle. And on my way home I thought a great deal about Lena, and made up my mind that

she should not go on any longer thinking she did nothing of value, when, in one day, she had done more *real* things than Ethel and Jennie and Maud all put together.

So when we were all seated at the supper table,—Lena and I side by side,—I said I wanted to tell a story. And I told this very story I have been telling you,—how a little girl who thought she did nothing of any use in the world, had spent one day,—telling just what Lena had done that day, only I called the little girl “Mollie” instead of “Lena.” As I went on, Lena’s eyes grew bigger and bigger, and finally she said:—

“Why, Auntie, do *you mean me?*”

“Yes, you darling,” said I, hugging her close to my side and giving her a kiss; “yes, I mean you. That is what *you* are doing every day and thinking it is of ‘no account,’ while it is of the best account in the world. And remember, dearie,” I said, turning her face toward me so that I could look right down into her eyes, “remember that the little things you do every day *are* of some account; and if you keep right on doing them, the great things will come by and by.”

What Marjorie Sees in the Morning



HE always was a perfect little owl," says mamma, and indeed I think mamma was right, for there she would sit, straight upright in bed, just as still as a mouse, looking out of the window, long before the sun was up, and while all the rest of the folks were sound asleep. Yes, she is a little owl, though not a "truly" owl of course, with puffed up feathers and little pointed ears and round yellow eyes. Her eyes are round enough, to be sure, as round and big as saucers (doll-saucers I mean), but they are deep, dark brown just like mamma's and her ears are little and pink and she hasn't any feathers except her little white nightie with the blue feather-stitching round the edge — unless you count her hair, which is soft and fluffy and the color of sun-light. They just *call* her an owl, that 's all, because she is awake when folks ought to be asleep, as grandma says. But then you know grandma is old-fashioned and doesn't know that now-a-days the

time to be awake is just when the birds wake up, long, long before the sun gets out of bed. Her little crib is right beside the window and there she sits every morning with her soft, chubby hands folded together as you do at kindergarten, looking to see what she can see.

And what does Marjorie see in the morning? Well, first and best, there is the black and white kitty.



It isn't her own kitty,—she has a white rabbit, instead, in a coop behind the wood-shed—but it is Ethel's kitty who lives in the brown house opposite. Ethel has a dog, too, and a canary bird and lots of buzzing bees that sometimes fly over into Marjorie's garden for their breakfast. O, how round and fuzzy they are and what a pretty, soft humming they make when they dip down into the morning glory flowers and come up laden with sweets for their

honey! Ethel's dog comes over very early too, and Marjorie hears his sharp bark and sees him run up the street after the milk-wagons. His name is "Cap" which means "Captain" and he ought to be very brave, but I'm afraid he isn't, for when there is a big noise or an express wagon, or a man with a whip he runs away and hides. The black and white kitty isn't a bit afraid of him. She has a cubby-hole in papa's asparagus bed, just where Marjorie can't help seeing



her every morning. The black and white kitty wakes up early, just like Marjorie. Up she jumps out of her basket, washes her face and hands (and as she has four hands it takes her a long while, twice as long as it does you, for four is twice two), and comes for a walk over to Marjorie's. Then she snuggles down in her cubby-hole and sits looking up at the window blinking her yellow eyes at Marjorie and purring very loud, and then off she goes again after a grasshopper for breakfast.

Then there are the two big dogs that live in the corner house where the cow lives that smells so sweet and breathes so hard and rolls up her eyes at you when you pass by so that you might be frightened if you did not know that it is only her way of getting acquainted. One of the dogs is feeble and shaggy

and very, very old. But the other one, whose name is Cæsar, is young and strong, so he takes care of his old friend in their walks together. They walk slowly up and down in front of Marjorie's window and make no noise at all. They never bark unless there is something to bark at. They often reprove Cap for his silliness, but, dear me, he hasn't sense enough to see how much better behaved they are, and so he goes on being silly, just like some folks that are not



dogs. The old, old dog is almost blind, and unless Cæsar is with him he is apt to get lost. He did once, and Cæsar found him and brought him home. It is funny to see them march along together and then sit down

side by side and look solemnly up the street, Cæsar very politely waiting till his old friend Max is rested, though *he* isn't tired a bit. Then they will go on again, and, having had their walk, turn and come home to breakfast.

Then there are the milk-cart men with their cans rattling and their horses bobbing along, one after the other. First comes the red milk-man. His horse is red and his cart is red and his face and hair are all red, too. He comes very early, so early that, in the winter, he has to bring a lantern, and the light bobs

up and down on the wall in Marjorie's room like the "birdie on the wall" in the looking-glass song at kindergarten. He stops at Ethel's house and leaves two big cans of milk for Ethel's breakfast. One summer when the family was away, the red milk-man used to fill a dipper with milk every morning for the black and white kitty and leave it behind the barn. He filled it brimful, and then jumped back into his wagon and said "hudup" and away went the red horse—to the next kitty's house, I suppose—and the black and white kitty lapped up the milk for her breakfast. Sometimes she did not get it, though, for Daisy Pease and Kitty Baxter and Tiger Lily and little Midget Mankins were there before her and drank it all up. But she didn't care very much. There were plenty of grasshoppers and flies, and sometimes a nice bone that Cap had left, so she got along very well.

Next after the red milk-man, comes the white milk-man and he stops at Marjorie's house, just far enough along so that the tip of his white horse's white nose peeps in at the window. He is a white man like his horse, but he isn't quite so honest, for the white horse is so honest that his very name is "Sir Honesty," while the white man used to pick grapes off the vine beside Marjorie's window when he thought no one was looking. If he heard any sound he would run, which showed he knew he was doing wrong, for he knew very well that Marjorie's papa's grapes were

not *his* grapes. And Marjorie knows it too, for mamma told her so once when she wanted to take a red candy-ball off the counter in the store where they sell ice-cream. The candy-ball wasn't Marjorie's candy-ball, said mamma, and so she must not touch it.

Then comes the brown milk-man's horse and of course he must be a brown milk-man, for the red horse's milk-man is red and the white horse's milk-man is white. At any rate, if he isn't brown "he ought to be," as the nice man who wrote the "Water Babies" says. He goes right past Marjorie's window and is all shut up in his cart just like a turtle in his shell. And when he drives by, he says, "gid-ap, gid-ap, gid-ap" right along, as a clock ticks, without stopping. The brown milk-man leaves milk at Daisy's house, where once they caught a wood-chuck, and when the brown milk-man saw the wood-chuck he said "gid-ap" just as he does to his brown horse. The brown milk-man has a brown baby, too! The black and white kitty saw the baby one morning while she was washing her face after breakfast, so she knows all about it, for just then the brown milk-man drove by, and the little, clean, brown baby looked out of the wagon and clapped his little, clean, brown hands at the black and white kitty, so she couldn't help seeing him. The brown baby has had *his* breakfast; you can tell that by his looks! All these things Marjorie sees in the morning while she is waiting for mamma to wake

and papa to kindle the fire and sister Lizzie to open the windows and let in the sunlight.

But dear me, this isn't all that she sees. It would take a whole book to tell you all, for she keeps her eyes wide open and there are lots of things to see every morning. There is the great, tall ice-man with his great yellow and black cart and two big, slow horses, all thundering down the street and making noise enough to wake the sleepest of all sleepy heads. He says "good morning" to papa, who gets up to let him in, and he is very polite and gentlemanly even though he does drive an ice-cart and wear old clothes. He is straight and tall and walks along with his big piece of clear ice as if it were a little bundle,—he is so strong! Once mamma gave him some apples to eat and Marjorie saw him hold one in each hand in front of the big horses to see if they would come and get them. At first they didn't know what it meant, they didn't get apples *every* day for breakfast, but at last up they started and each got an apple and a nice pat on the neck from the ice-man, who was very much pleased.

Then there is the canary-bird over on Ethel's piazza. Marjorie can just see him, a little yellow dot in the midst of the green branches, hopping about in his cage and singing for joy in the sunlight. He loves to stay in his cage because he doesn't know any better and he thinks he wouldn't like to get out, because if he did, the black and white kitty might eat

him up; for kitties, you see, think that birdies are made to kill and eat—*they* don't know any better—so the yellow birdie is quite content, and looks down on the little grey sparrows and does not envy them at all. But the sparrows wonder how he can be happy in a cage. They know how much nicer it is to be free than it is to be safe. They would rather fly away from kitty than have a wire cage all around them to keep her away, while they could not fly at all. So they are quite happy too, and they fly past Marjorie's window and settle down in the garden and peck away for worms and berries and crumbs, saying "chip, chip, chip" for company, while the big robin red-breasts come and find them and get their breakfast too. And what big worms they do find! Bigger than they are, almost, but down they go, down Mr. Robin's fat throat, and off he hops fatter than ever!

Then there is the darling little humming-bird that comes every morning and gets his breakfast from the trumpet-vine that grows round the window. Dip, he goes, down into the trumpet blow, almost the whole of his little body hidden in its crimson tube, and then out again, and then dip, dip, again and again, till he has gathered all the sweetness, dip, dip, dip, all round the window.

There are the doves, too, that go sliding on the roofs for exercise. That is great fun. And they can't get hurt, for if they slip, why there are their wings!

And the wasps in the honeycomb nest up in the

cedar tree, flying in and out, out and in, building a home for winter. They are not so sociable as the bees though. *They* hum all the time they are working, the music helps it along, you know.

The grasshoppers, too, and the black cricket with her family, and the dusty old toad hopping out to find some water to drink, and the tree-toad that Marjorie thought was a piece of mud, he was so exactly the color of mud and all rolled up in a ball, and the black ants who keep so still when there is any danger near, and the long, purple darning-needle and the grey spider in the corner under the roof with his web all wet with dew and the sunshine shining through — oh, I can't begin to tell you the things that Marjorie sees in the morning!

And then comes mamma, and puts on Marjorie's little pink dress and combs her hair and washes her face and hands and ties up her little shoes, and then she is ready — ready for what? *she* knows. "Now I'm ready for *my* breakfast, too," she says, "just like kitty and Cap and the two great, big horses and the birdies and the bumble-bees and the brown baby and ev'y-body else."



LEE AND SHEPARD'S

STAR JUVENILES

MESSRS. LEE AND SHEPARD announce the following new line of 12mo Juveniles, consisting of books by KELLOGG, KINGSTON, BALLANTYNE, HEADLEY, and others. Printed on a fine quality of paper, fully illustrated, and bound in the best English cloth, at \$1.00 per volume.

By ELIJAH KELLOGG.

Lion Ben of Elm Island.
Charlie Bell; The Waif of Elm Island.
The Ark of Elm Island.
The Boy Farmers of Elm Island.
The Young Shipbuilders of Elm Island.
The Hardscrabble of Elm Island.
Sowed by the Wind; or, The Poor Boy's Fortune.
Wolf Run; or, The Boys of the Wilderness.
Brought to the Front; or, The Young Defenders.
The Mission of Black Rifle; or, On the Trail.
Forest Glen; or, The Mohawk's Friendship.
Burying the Hatchet; or, The Young Brave of the Delawares.
A Strong Arm and a Mother's Blessing.
The Unseen Hand; or, James Renfrew and his Boy Helpers.
The Live Oak Boys; or, The Adventures of Richard Constable
Afloat and Ashore.
Arthur Brown, the Young Captain.
The Young Deliverers of Pleasant Cove.
The Cruise of the Casco.
The Child of the Island Glen.
John Godsoe's Legacy.
The Fisher Boys of Pleasant Cove.
A Stout Heart; or, The Student from Over the Sea.
A Spark of Genius; or, The College Life of James Trafton.
The Sophomores of Radcliffe; or, James Trafton and his Boston Friends.
The Whispering Pine; or, The Graduates of Radcliffe.
The Turning of the Tide; or, Radcliffe Rich and his Patients.
Winning his Spurs; or, Henry Morton's First Trial.

By P. C. HEADLEY.

Fight it out on this Line; The Life and Deeds of Gen. U. S. Grant.
Facing the Enemy; The Life of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.
Fighting Phil; The Life of Lieut.-Gen. Philip Henry Sheridan.
Old Salamander; The Life of Admiral David Glascoe Farragut.
The Miner Boy and his Monitor; The Career of John Ericsson, Engineer.
Old Stars; The Life of Major-Gen. Ormsby McKnight Mitchel.

By GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

Heroes and Martyrs of Invention.
Vasco da Gama; His Voyages and Adventures.
Pizarro; His Adventures and Conquests.
Magellan; or, The First Voyage Round the World.
Marco Polo; His Travels and Adventures.
Raleigh; His Voyages and Adventures.
Drake; The Sea King of Devon.

By CAPT. CHARLES W. HALL.

Adrift in the Ice Fields.

By DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

Cast Away in the Cold; An Old Man's Story of a Young Man's
Adventures.

By W. H. G. KINGSTON.

The Adventures of Dick Onslow among the Redskins.
Ernest Bracebridge; or, School Boy Days.

By JAMES D. McCABE JR.

Planting the Wilderness; or, The Pioneer Boys.

By DR. C. H. PEARSON.

The Cabin on the Prairie.
The Young Pioneers of the Northwest.

By JAMES DE MILLE.

The Lily and the Cross; A Tale of Acadia.

By F. G. ARMSTRONG.

The Young Middy; or, The Perilous Adventures of a Boy
Officer.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

The Life Boat; A Tale of Our Coast Heroes.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

LEE AND * * DOLLAR * * L * SHEPARD'S D * JUVENILES

*Comprising the following New Books and New Editions in attractive
English cloth binding and illustrated Any volume sold
separately \$1.00 per volume*

THE CASTAWAY STORIES 6 vols

Adrift in the Ice Fields	The Arctic Crusoe
Cast Away in the Cold	The Prairie Crusoe
Willis the Pilot	The Young Crusoe

FAMOUS BOY SERIES 4 vols. Illustrated

The Patriot Boy A popular life of George Washington
The Bobbin Boy The Early Life of Gen. N. P. Banks
The Border Boy A popular life of Daniel Boone
The Printer Boy or How Ben Franklin made his Mark

FRONTIER CAMP SERIES 4 vols Illustrated

The Cabin on the Prairie By Dr. C. H. PEARSON
Planting the Wilderness By JAMES D. McCABE Jun.
The Young Pioneers By Dr. C. H. PEARSON
Twelve Nights in the Hunter's Camp By Rev. Dr. WILLIAM
BARROWS

GALLANT DEEDS LIBRARY 4 vols. Illustrated

Great Men and Gallant Deeds By J. G. EDGAR
Yarns of an Old Mariner By MARY COWDEN CLARKE
Schoolboy Days By W. H. G. KINGSTON
Sand Hills of Jutland By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

INVINCIBLE LIBRARY 4 vols. Illustrated

The Young Invincibles By I. H. ANDERSON
Battles at Home By MARY G. DARLING
In the World By MARY G. DARLING
Golden Hair By Sir LASCELLES WRAXHALL Bart.

LIFE-BOAT SERIES of Adventures 5 vols. Illustrated

Dick Onslow among the Red Skins By W. H. G. KINGSTON
The Young Middy By F. C. ARMSTRONG
The Cruise of the Frolic A Sea Story By W. H. G. KINGSTON
The Life Boat By R. M. BALLANTYNE
Antony Waymouth By W. H. G. KINGSTON

Sold by all booksellers and sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price

LEE AND SHEPARD Publishers Boston

LEE AND * * DOLLAR * * SHEPARD'S • JUVENILES

*Comprising the following New Books and New Editions in attractive
English cloth binding and illustrated Any volume sold
separately \$1.00 per volume*

DARING-DEEDS SERIES 6 vols. Illustrated

Daring Deeds of the Old Heroes of the Revolution
The Old Bell of Independence and Other Stories of the Revolution
The Father of his Country A Young-Folk's Life of Washington
The Friend of Washington A Young-Folks' Life of Lafayette
The Great Peace-Maker A Young-Folks' Life of Penn
Poor Richard's Story A Young-Folks' Life of Franklin

THE LIVE BOYS' SERIES 6 vols. Illustrated

Live Boys in Texas Young Trail Hunters
Live Boys in the Black Hills Crossing the Quicksands
Paul and Persis Young Silver Seekers

NATURAL HISTORY SERIES By Mrs. R. LEE Illustrated by HARRISON WEIR 5 vols.

Anecdotes of Animals The African Crusoes
Anecdotes of Birds Reptiles and The Australian Crusoes
Fishes The Australian Wanderers

THE WILD SCENES LIBRARY 5 vols. Illustrated

Wild Scenes of a Hunter's Life Pioneer Mothers of the West
Noble Deeds of American Gulliver's Travels
Women Æsop's Fables

OLD ROUGH AND READY SERIES 6 vols. Illustrated

Old Rough and Ready Young Folks' Life of General Zachary Taylor
Old Hickory Young Folks' Life of General Andrew Jackson
The Little Corporal Young Folks' Life of Napoleon Bonaparte
The Swamp Fox Young Folks' Life of General Francis Marion
The Mill-Boy of the Slashes Young Folks' Life of Henry Clay
The Great Expounder Young Folks' Life of Daniel Webster

GOOD AND GREAT SERIES 6 vols. Illustrated

Good and Great Men The Whales We Caught
Women of Worth House on Wheels.
A Quaker among the Indians Inn of the Guardian Angel

AROUND THE WORLD LIBRARY By Jules Verne

Round the World in Eighty Days Wreck of the Chancellor
A Winter in the Ice

DORA DARLING LIBRARY

Dora Darling Dora Darling and Little Sunshine
The Year's Best Days

Sold by all booksellers and sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price

LEE AND SHEPARD Publishers Boston

